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“OUT OF THE WORLD”

By M. ELLEN KERSHAW

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It is indeed pleasant to be remembered when one has been out of the world for so many months. Out of the world? you might ask. Why? Are you not in that great northwest where fruit grows, with irrigation, so large that but one apple is needed to make a pie, one turnip suffices for a family, and potatoes weigh three pounds each? where oats, clover, and alfalfa are cut three times a year, yielding large crops at each cutting?

Yes, in various parts these things are all true. Yet, ninety-five miles from a railroad! Not a two hours' ride in a private conveyance, but forty miles by coach and four, and forty-five miles by automobile, taking, the shortest time, twelve hours; and when the “auto” breaks—some hours more for repairs.

Would you care to take the trip with me?

Come, don your heaviest winter clothes, not your medium weight, and we will start at seven in the morning.

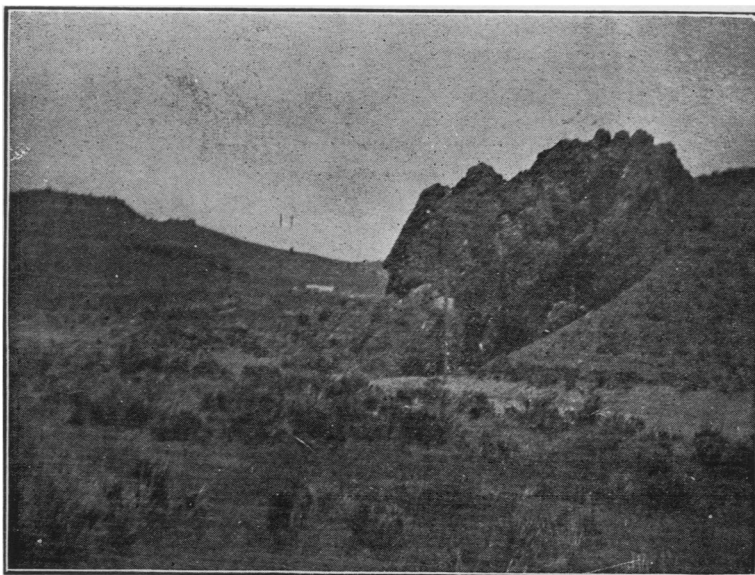
Over a vast plateau we go, enormous sheep ranches, said by some to be the largest in the world, to us seeming to be boundless desert. But as we keep on the lookout for something of interest, we see Mount Hood appear on the horizon. Ah, it disappears as we begin the descent into “Cow Canyon.” Down, down we go,—surely we will tip over for the winding road is narrow. Is it possible to make that turn? are we to go into that rock? No, the coachman, slow though his horses are, so is he sure. To the very bottom we wend our way, then through the canyon.

As we near Madras, ranches are seen where wheat is easily grown, for large fields spread on either side. At this little town we dine at one-thirty, then take the automobile and go on our way rejoicing. The country around us is covered sparsely with sage brush and juniper trees, the latter of which, by the way, began to grow some two thousand years ago, we are told.

The lava dust is thick and on our right see the vast pile of lava rock, layer on layer. “Where does that come from?” you ask. It is the supposition of a friend, a student of geology, that this entire region was at one time covered with hot springs, for white ashes or “cinder”



AN OREGON COACH AND FOUR ON A JUNE DAY. OBSERVE
OVERCOAT ON DRIVER.



LAVA ROCK.

are still found, resembling that in the Yellowstone; and the Cascade Mountains are some of them extinct volcanoes. Mount Hood is the one which was last in action.

What a wonderful panorama we see—Hood, Jefferson, Washington, Three-fingered Jack, The Sisters, Broken Top, and Snow Butte, all beautiful snow capped mountains of the Cascade Range.

Large canals are now seen and green fields spread this way and that,—oases in the desert. We cross a tiny bridge and at last reach our destination,—Bend,—the beautiful little village situated on the bank of the Deschutes River. This tiny berg contains some 700 people, from the north, south, and east, congregated here to try to win fortune or wait for the railroad!

You ask, what of the nursing in this vast wilderness? The field is an open one, for but three graduates have wandered this way. As one might suppose, "experienced or practical nurses" are the ones sought for most, as the people have not yet been educated up to the point of desiring the graduates. A member of a family or a friend often cares for the patient. In one instance, an obstetrical case, the woman began to have pains and the physician was making a call some sixty miles away. He was located by "Central" at Bend and he instructed (by telephone) the friend what to do at that stage, jumped into his buggy and his horses fairly flew. Some ten miles further on he found another telephone and inquired as to conditions, found how the case was progressing and gave instructions. On the horses flew, until another telephone was found, same inquiry was made and instructions given. On he went, inquiring and giving instructions when the opportunity afforded, until before he reached the house the patient was delivered of a ten-pound boy; and, strange to relate, a good recovery was made, without a complication! Now the physician tells with great pleasure, how he conducted an obstetrical case by telephone.

As this is a new country, the ranch houses resemble the shacks of the working classes in our cities, may have one to four rooms, may be papered with lining paper or newspapers, with here and there a picture cut from a magazine.

In a little house at the foot of the Sisters Mountains, twenty-two miles from Bend, a tiny three-months-old baby had malnutrition. The physician wished to place it under the care of a nurse and finally succeeded because he needed her to assist him with perineorrhaphy, as the mother needed the operation. The dwelling consisted of four rooms, one of which was used for both dining and living room. This was used for the operating room and prepared by the nurse the day before. Of course,

she sterilized all things necessary so recovery was almost a foregone conclusion, especially since there are *no germs* in the country. This is a saying of the wise.

But the poor little boy? What could be done for him? Common sense, regular feeding, exact following of the physician's orders, and fresh air were all that were needed to make a wonderful difference in the little chap in two weeks.

What do you think was suggested to the inexperienced young mother by her neighbors and friends? Every kind of prepared food, of course, was tried by her a few days; burnt cracker added to gruel almost caused his death, poor boy. An ice pack, because *after* feeding the abdomen was enlarged and he was said to be mortifying. Fortunately the man's better judgment sent him to the telephone to consult the doctor, who assured him it would kill the child. Not satisfied with a close room, a hot fire was kept burning, though the child was clothed in flannel and the time of year was summer.

One can plainly see what an advantage a small hospital would be to a physician, since he must travel many miles to a patient. Not long since a nurse went to the Bend physician and said she would like to move there for the winter. Her work in obstetrics was satisfactory, so he rented a six-room house and called it a hospital. In about a week she brought her family to town, a family of five, to live with her.

A patient arrived for an operation and the nurse showed at once that her training in that branch had been sadly neglected.

In a month she found her family needed occupation, so she asked the doctor to rent the barn also so she might keep a cow and some chickens! A real hospital will be started in this part of Oregon in the near future, with a graduate nurse of general training at the head.

One of the greatest difficulties one finds is the length of time it takes to reach a patient, for, as we have said before, we are in a country of magnificent distances. If one receives a call, it may take two or three days before she can reach the patient and if the person is in a critical condition when the nurse receives the telephone message the result may be anything but gratifying.

People in this wilderness, the pioneers, do anything that comes to hand. In a neighboring town, a drive of only thirty-five miles reached by stage or private conveyance, the undertaker is furniture dealer, plumber, mattress manufacturer, and hardware merchant, so one can easily see that the services of a nurse at the time of death must be doubly gratifying to the family.

A unique custom in that town is that invitations are printed for

the funeral, on sheets of paper about four by seven inches and placed on the counters of the different stores in town. Then, on the day of the burial, each friend gathers all the flowers of her garden, makes her own floral design, and places it near the dear one who has passed away. The casket is imbedded in flowers. Where did all those flowers come from? one wonders. There are no florists for hundreds of miles and the wind blows ice cold over the plain and through the village, right from the snow covered mountains!

Have I been able to give you a slight idea of our field of nursing in this wilderness, where bears pass one's door, coyotes howl, wild swans fly overhead, wild ducks and geese may be had for—only the shooting of them? As I sit in my easy chair, by my little stove in my little log cabin 115 miles from a railroad (for I am twenty miles south of Bend) the coyotes are giving their nightly serenade across the river and my pretty dog Ring pricks up his ears and barks.

FOOD FOR THE SICK

By ROSAMOND LAMPMAN, R.N.

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It does not come within the scope of this article to enter into detail regarding the different food classes, their chemical elements, uses and value in individual cases, but to offer a few simple suggestions and methods of preparing and serving food best adapted to general cases, especially where fever is present, and in convalescence.

Whether it is in the hospital or in the home, sufficient attention cannot be paid to the food given to a patient. Poorly cooked food is frequently a cause of indigestion in health, therefore it must on no account be allowed to enter the sick room, for one has there to consider the enfeebled condition of the invalid's digestive powers, how little it takes to disturb them, and how necessary it is to save them as much labor as possible. If plain, simple cooking should be the precept in health, how much more should it be applied to the invalid's dietary; it cannot be too simple, nor can it be too daintily served.

In nearly all diseases, especially where there is much fever, there should be sufficient nourishment to save tissue waste, which is so rapidly going on, but this must be given in a liquid or semi-liquid form so that it will not overtax the already weakened digestive organs. The liberal